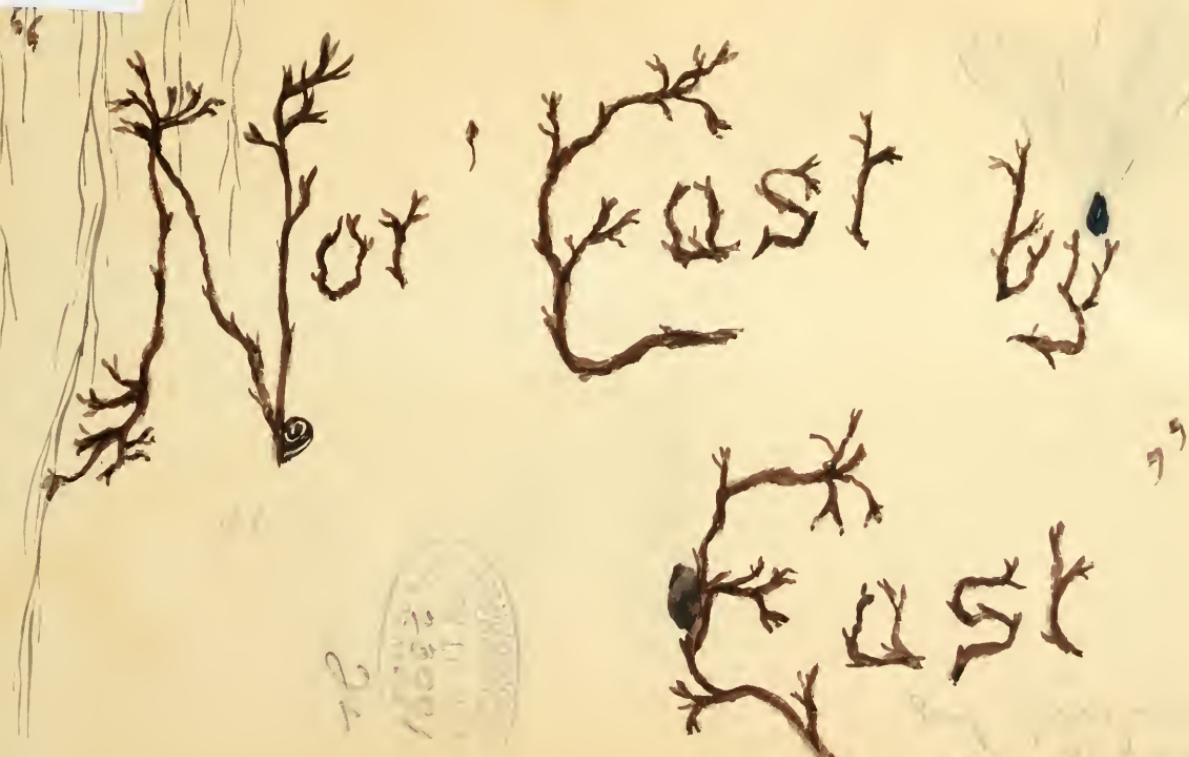


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“NOR EAST BY EAST.”

“Where?” Just there, exactly! and a beautiful place it is, too. If only you could see it for yourself! Try it. Two hours in the cars from “The Hub” brings us to our host, who is waiting with cordial greetings and a jet black team. As we start off, the old buildings and narrow streets of the city and its many fine trees make us wonder what the place was like in its younger

days. We are hardly ready to say good-bye to the quaintnesses that hold our eyes eager for the "What next" ("The Whyness of the Whence," Concord Philosophy, might say,) when, crossing the railroad, we suddenly find ourselves on a long bridge which spans the picturesque river, with shipping on either side of it, and here we may leave city life behind. Along the winding road the olden time flowers are welcoming us,—hollyhocks, dahlias, and bachelor's buttons. The barberries, alder and elderberries are awaiting our coming, and as we look over golden-rod, thistles and milk-weed, the meadows beyond are yellow with Fall dandelions. Such a wealth of beauty in so small a space! The very road itself, how lovely—now winding under willows by the little brook; now taking us into a very nest of grand elms whose waving branches frame such pictures as never artist painted, and all too soon we

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leave them for the open hill beyond. But these lovelinesses repeat themselves very artistically, not just alike, and a two hours' drive through such a country is a rest in itself, while "Nor' East by East" is already stealing our hearts. The mountain, ten miles away, is pointed out from the first place at which the road affords a view, the town line is a mark of interest, even the guide-boards are amusing, as we can hardly follow their leading without proving some to be non-truth-tellers! Many a story brightens the time as we are hurried along, jokes of the best kind are to be had, and "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

Nine miles past,—the beautiful river we crossed a few moments since again comes to view, and in the distance a white church spire nestles among the elms and maples in their autumn glory. We look forward eagerly to the ancient village so near us, and hurriedly

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glance at this or that old building as we pass through. The jail of two hundred and fifty years at our right beyond the burying ground of an early date,—while on our left is the “Old Court House,” and the wonderful store combining dry and fancy goods, “groceries” and “notions,” post office and pharmacy, all in one! The mail is not yet open, so our host concludes to “send later,” and through the main street, beautifully lined with great elms, we reach a hilltop and strain our eyes to see the blue horizon line, the first glimpse of ocean! Fifteen minutes later we are actually by it, the “extra treat” being given us of a drive, off the regular road, on the hard beach close to the grand breakers which are rolling in “five deep” every time.

Landed at about midway of this two-mile sands, we are more than content, and all we are to enjoy in and about this place is, fortunately, not beholden in

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one glance. The evenings are full now of special charm, the moonlight on breakers and spray is no poor show, and a seat on the near rocks is very alluring. "The moon and its broken reflection" on each rising breaker seen far to the left of the moon-path, is a wonderful study for an artist,—or anybody else!

Nearest at hand of special interest, is Roaring Rock, seen best in a storm, so in rain and wind we prove to our own eyes the truth of what Prof. E. P. Tenney writes of it in his *Agamenticus*:—"The chasm cuts the coast at right angles with the sea. The top is a yard wide for a distance of seventy-five feet inland, and for twenty-four more it diminishes to twelve inches and then four. At bottom the mouth is six feet wide, narrowing to four and two. The crevice is twenty feet deep. The inner half of the bottom is covered with small pebbles, which are heaped up by the incoming

waves, and then washed down by each receding wave. In a storm, the inrushing brine rises like a fountain to a height of forty feet above ground. This is by far the most musical rock upon the coast of New England." You are willing to get a wetting for the sake of such a sight.

At your leisure read F. W. Faber's hymn on "Peevishness" and see what he thinks of such a place!

The Nubble Lighthouse must be our next friend, and a mile walk through charming pastures on top of a rocky promontory brings us to the land's end, but not to the lighthouse! The smooth, huge rocks keep us among their fascinations for a while,—but let us wave our hands and see what will happen! From the top of the rocks just over the way some one is coming to ferry us across to the "isle of our dreams." Many surprises await us here, indoors and out. Stuffed birds,



grebes, sea-gulls, ducks, etc., with shell work of various kinds, tell of busy hands through isolated winter hours—and serve as mementoes for many visitors. From the smooth, high rocks on the shore side of this island we are amazed at the huge gorge sixty feet deep on its ocean side where the fury of the waves has eaten out terrible seams and dark chasms, and tossed blocks of rock about as if it were wood and not stone. But wait,—it is low tide ere we leave,—we must hurry down, before it turns, to the beautiful pools lined with sea-urchins, star-fish and sea-anemones dwelling in a fairyland of white, pink, green and maroon sea-mosses and weeds, too beautiful to talk about. How charming it is! The spouting rock of the Nubble is a well-like tunnel, fifteen feet deep at low tide—each swell fills it almost full, then sucks all the water out,—and in a storm the spray is thrown seventy or eighty feet into

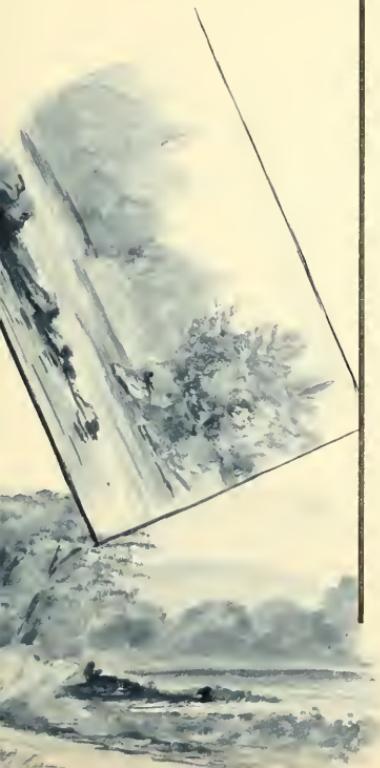


the air. We are given a row around this island home, and once more are landed on the Western Continent! A walk along the north shore of this peninsula well repays you when the swell is strong. A short beach then brings you to high bluffs, beyond which is Pebble Beach,—a good place to spend a day with nothing but beautiful pebbles and ocean for company, the surf doing its best for you. Perhaps as the sun just sinks to rest and the shadows lengthen, you will be glad to hear a familiar voice saying behind you "Here we are again," and be quite ready for a drive to the mansion of our host,—hardly caring, even amid such beauty, to live all the time "by yourself alone!"

Just beyond this beach is a charming little river, which suddenly meets our view as a turn in the road and down a short hill brings us to a bridge from which one might see in either direction material for lovely

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sketches,—old wrecks toward the ocean,—old rocks landward,—pines in the background of one,—white birch and oaks on top of the latter, and “the river winding, winding,” till we lose it altogether.

Bald Head Cliff, four miles farther on, furnishes still different rock scenery, and is too well known for us to miss visiting it. Chase’s Pond is also of peculiar beauty, and a drive of six miles brings us to its shores. Like a river it winds “in and out and all about” for three miles. The jagged rocks tree-crowned, on its north shore sometimes make room for a beautiful pasture with a black cow! while the southern shore is lower woodland running out in low, sharp points of broken rocks, most picturesque—and old Agamemticus himself is mirrored in its waters. The drive home through forest of pine and hemlocks with spruces is very delightful, and makes us wish it was “longer and

more of it," as the saying is.

For a beautiful morning in the prime of autumn we conclude the best thing is a drive. A fine horse, and a driver "as knows how to drive," add much to our pleasures,—when in addition we have picturesque places chosen and pointed out for our benefit,—and the bright side of things always shown, we are so much the more fortunate. Passing beautiful gray stone walls hiding under the graceful arms of the brilliant woodbine and wild ivy vines, branches of the "briar rose" drooping heavily with their weight of bright red fruit clusters, we take the road which turns by the ancient jail, and from under the archway of fine trees are on our way toward the river country. Do look at this marvel of a gate on our left! so picturesque in its side-long hanging (for there is nothing straight about it); how it holds its own will always be a mystery. Ar-



tists should revel in it; perhaps, romantically, *by* it! As we cross the bridge the pine-topped rocks on one side set off most charmingly the meadows, farms and woodlands by the winding stream. Following the road to the northward, glimpses of the shining waters are caught through the branches of maples and yellow-beeches, and over and through the well kept farms are seen distant woodlands, fields and pasturelands.

Re-crossing the river after four or five miles of this beauty, we are near the noted Garrison Houses, which of course, we must visit. But it is well toward noon, a sharp turn from the regular road starts us up a hill from whose summit the view of ocean horizon and the country around is far-reaching and beautiful.

Before returning to the ocean itself, we visit, on our way there, such a cascade as for beauty we might expect to see only in the mountain country, much far-

ther north. A beautiful picture for memory's walls, or some other place.

Of trips to the heart of forests, hiding grottos of rare beauty and grandeur, of the attractions far and near on sea and land, it is hard to tell at once. We wonder if all who have stayed the summer through are not still strangers to some few nooks and brooks! Surely, the truth that "the sea is His and He made it, and His hands formed the dry land," sinks into our hearts to cause rest and rejoicing in that we can take all these beauties as gifts to us from the very hands of Him who made them and us.

Only a part of "Nor' East by East,"—if you have found out where it is you should see it for yourself, not via. pen and ink,—at least, so thinks a /

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